THE New Republic

Who Gets What In Foreign Aid?

An Editorial

Pages 3-4

The Watchers, Waiters And Writers of Wall Street

By REED WHITTEMORE

A Husband's Portrait of Colette . . . . *Hayden Carruth*

West German Democracy . . . . . *Terence Prittie*

Oh, For Mencken Now . . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

PHOTOGRAPHY DOES NOT A MOVIE MAKE

A discussion between two Hemingway characters

SEPTEMBER 30, 1957

25 cents

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Washington Wire

Do Us All Good

A BIG BUSINESS element in the Republican Party wants a recession. Define "recession" as diminished employment —more unemployment. More unemployment would "put labor in its place," stop the wage drive, stabilize prices. It would be nice for business, according to this theory, at least for parts of business. Carroll Shanks, head of the Prudential Insurance Company, blurted out to the Economic Club of Detroit last week what dozens of industrialists think but won't say, that the Reserve Board should put the hard money brakes on still harder, even if it means "the risk of producing some unemployment and possibly even plunging us into a recession."

Exactly—a recession. The last thing the Administration would admit is that it wants a recession. But a "free labor force"?—well, yes. William McChesney Martin, head of the Reserve Board, frankly tells associates he thinks the Board took the brakes off too soon after the 1953-54 recession. He grimly implies the Board won't make that mistake again. He denies that he is favoring a "recession." Others aren't so sure.

That is one big reason that Martin has been brought into the new economic grand command at the White House. The Administration is worried about Martin. In fact, to put it bluntly, there's a difference of opinion between Reserve Board and White House economic advisers. It's all going on behind the scenes but may intensify and flame out.

White House economic advisers Hauge, Saulnier and Secretary Anderson are politically conscious; Martin isn't. The former would like a nice itsy bitsy recession that would halt embarrassing price rises, but they know it might come just before next year's election. And it might get out of hand—look at business gloom now! They're afraid Martin will put the squeeze on too tight. Funny thing is that Martin is delighted to join the new White House group because he thinks he's going to influence Eisenhower toward sterner measures; White House Group thinks it's going to tone down Martin!

Democrats have countered by creating a new 16-man advisory group headed by Harvard's Galbraith. There's a curious division shaping up. Democrats put emphasis on full employment; Republicans on price stability. It's a trend to watch because we may be seeing the political line-up of the future. The Employment Act of 1946 laid down, presumably for keeps, that the chief economic goal of the nation is "maximum employment." For the first time the Federal Government is officially committed to sustaining it.

But now a lot of economists think that full employment (*i.e.* labor scarcity) automatically produces creeping inflation. The economists may be wrong. Certainly it hasn't been proved yet that full employment and price stability are mutually incompatible. But at any rate the GOP is more and more advancing the thesis that the first and primary goal of Federal economic policy is price stability. They don't say so openly but they infer that to get price stability they would be willing to see unemployment rise; yes—even a little recession.

Ike's Staff Work

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER astonished his news conference, July 6, 1955, by declaring that "Mr. Wenzell [Adolphe H. Wenzell of the First Boston Corporation, finance agent of Southern utilities] was never called in or asked a single thing about the Dixon-Yates contract." This week (September 25) Dixon and Yates start legal hearings for $3.5 million damages against the government because the latter cancelled its TVA contract. It cancelled the contract because the Justice Department discovered that Wenzell *had* been used as a consultant by the Federal Budget Bureau, while connected with Dixon-Yates, in a conflict-of-interest case.

Eisenhower made his incorrect statement because he was misinformed by his Staff. This reporter followed Dixon-Yates carefully and believes that some member or members of the Staff deliberately deceived the President. Kefauver lifted fold on fold of the dirty $100 million mess. Now the Justice Department seeks to prove the thing Eisenhower denied in 1955.

How hard is it to deceive the President? He is dependent on his Staff. The President knew nothing of the Democrats' last-minute switch to his latest version of the school bill. In spite of the switch, no statement came from the White House and the bill was killed by five votes in the House. At his press conference, July 31, 1957, Eisenhower astonished reporters by saying: "I never heard of that. If that is true why you are telling me something I never heard." The Staff had not told him.

The Two Parties

THE DEMOCRATS' Advisory Committee on Economic Policy discussed two topics here last week which didn't get into the papers. One was the need for Federal legislation to protect union benefit funds. The other was a proposal to revive Federal health and sickness insurance, originally sponsored by Truman, as a major party plank. The Galbraith group will make its recommendations to the Democratic Advisory Council which meets here October 19-20. Truman is a member.

A political portent of importance is the current attitude of two prominent GOP candidates towards organized labor. In California Senator Knowland presses "right-to-work" legislation as an all-out issue in his campaign against his pro-labor Republican rival, Governor Knight. And in New Jersey millionaire publisher Forbes, GOP candidate for governor against incumbent Democrat, Meyner, is taking a try-and-stop-me attitude to labor, his publicity in the hands of Richard Guylay who handled the record-breaking re-election of Senator Taft in Ohio in 1950, where the labor issue dominated.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

SEPTEMBER 30, 1957

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Correspondence

► *The Birth of a Nation*

SIRS:

As a student of motion pictures, I wish to comment upon Miss Winn's recent article on D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* (*NR*, September 2).

If Miss Winn is at all familiar with the literature pertaining to the film, then she should know that the leading authorities everywhere have accorded the work of Griffith the highest praise. Thus, it is well known that Griffith exerted a marked influence upon the development of the Soviet cinema and that Lenin himself greatly admired his work. Such famous Soviet directors as Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Dovzhenko, Trauberg and Kozintzov, and the Brothers Vasilliev have all acknowledged their debt to Griffith.

In America too, many writers have attested their admiration for D. W. Griffith. Vachel Lindsay in *The Art of the Photoplay*, Gilbert Seldes in *The Seven Lively Arts*, Iris Barry in *D. W.*

(Continued on page 23)

Who Gets What?

INDIA IS asking for an American loan of $600 million. After India, what about Ghana? Indonesia? Burma? Is the Administration (or the public) prepared for the future demands for credit which will be made upon us by one Asian and African nation after another?

To meet the Indian request—if the President or Secretary Dulles rules that somehow the request must be met—all that the Administration now can do is to take a little from here and a little from there: from the Export-Import Bank, the President's special assistance fund, government-held agricultural surpluses and the new Development Loan Fund. Yet the amount available from all these sources is not likely to cover more than a small part of the $600 million, and the Administration, if it is in earnest, will have to call on Congress for special loan funds. Obviously, if the present *ad hoc* response is to be repeated from crisis to crisis, we are *not* prepared to extend significant credit to the new Asian and African governments.

If the 85th Congress had not impoverished the new Development Loan Fund (by granting it only $300 million for one year, instead of the requested $2 billion for three years), there would be a different and happier story to tell today. Perhaps it is not too late. One may at least hope that some of the House members responsible for starving the Loan Fund this year—including 77 House Democrats from Northern, Western and border states—can be persuaded to support it in 1958. For what is needed now, and what an adequately nourished Loan Fund would give us, is foreign-aid machinery that does not operate in fits and starts: an Afro-Asian successor to the Marshall Plan, but a plan for extending easy credit rather than grants, and for financing projects specified—and blueprinted—in advance.

Such a Fund, however, would need not only a substantial amount of money over a period of years; it must be managed in accordance with policies flexible enough to assure its maximum usefulness in economic and political settings radically different from our own.

Unfortunately, in recent weeks it has become apparent that the purposes of the Development Loan Fund may be thwarted by a group of doctrinaires in the International Cooperation Administration who identify the free world with the free enterprise world and who are insisting accordingly on rigid lending criteria. Take, for example, 71-year old Walter Schaefer, whose life from 1910 until he was recently summoned to public duty was spent as cashier, chief clerk, senior assistant comptroller, and chief assistant comptroller of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. As special assistant to recently retired ICA director John B. Hollister, Mr. Schaefer became ICA's representative on the powerful National Advisory Council on Finance, fiscal counterpart to the National Security Council.

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Schaefer, Director Edwin Arnold (a former NAM vice-president) and deputy director C. W. Flesher of ICA's Industries Division are the three men said to have been associated with, if not responsible for, Hollister's "swan song"—his policy directive proscribing the use of US aid funds in all but exceptional cases for publicly-directed industrial development abroad. It is Schaefer, too, who represents ICA in the current inter-agency discussions concerning the Loan Fund's lending criteria. "Hollister's was a swan song," one official commented, "but the swan's still kicking."

There is no denying that private investment, by US firms which can be induced to go abroad as well as by indigenous Asian and African finance, should take a more active interest in the development of the economically less developed countries. And the most charitable interpretation we can place on Hollister's much-discussed directive is that it seeks to encourage US entrepreneurs who shun foreign entanglements to show some enterprise. By restricting the loan of US government funds for public development to basic facilities abroad (*e.g.* power and transportation), so Hollister argues, the limited aid available goes where it does the most good: creating a favorable economic climate for foreign capital. At the same time, indigenous private investors too are encouraged, either directly through loans or indirectly as a result of the fact that US funds are denied to the local government for its use in industrial development.

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But this philosophy by-passes the fundamental question: what is the public policy of the recipient country? If it is a country such as Ghana, where there is relatively little existing private capitalism, public policy may be to encourage *all* forms of investment—domestic and foreign, public and private. Thus Ghana's new $600 million Volta River Project calls for government construction of dam and power facilities (which would not disqualify it for aid under the new ICA directive) and private development of bauxite resources adjoining the river. In most Asian and African countries, however, the government reserves for itself primary rights to new development in certain kinds of industry—such as steel in India. This policy arises in part from highly sensitized (and seldom mentioned) facts of internal social life which no ICA official can adequately appreciate, let alone change. For example, certain families, from certain caste, regional or tribal groups in a given country may have attained an economic head start—often by questionable methods. They may thus have acquired considerable investment capital. But to forestall their monopolistic control over all future economic development, political leadership—reflecting public opinion and the strength of rival interests—often seeks to put brakes on their power. The motivation for "socialism" or the "mixed economy" in the newer nations may lie as much in this political and social power struggle as in any doctrinaire commitments.

To say to the Asian and African countries, therefore, that the US prefers to loan money to would-be private enterpreneurs is in effect to interpose the US government between local authority and local populations. So far as most Asians and Africans are concerned, such a preference is interpreted as an effort by the US to alter existing internal policies and power alignments. For if US capital not available to a government *is* available to private enterprise, the government which wants help quite understandably considers itself under pressure to forego its plans and to turn over development of the industry in question to private capital.

Hollister's directive was a bucket of gold to Communist propagandists, who always stress that US aid helps only the rich few. The Soviet Union, in contrast, is pictured as the disinterested friend, accepting the country's own plans (the Bhilai steel mill, which the Soviets are now building, is controlled by the Indian Government). Moscow Radio's warning on September 14 was a familiar one: the US "intends to use its aid to interfere in the domestic affairs of countries receiving it."

The drafting of criteria for the new Development Loan Fund represents, we believe, a turning point in US relations with Asia and Africa. While the Fund's officers should encourage privately-controlled economic development where it is consistent with the existing public policy of a given country, equal flexibility should be permitted where governments prefer publicly-directed development for reasons of their own. The men who draft these criteria should be broad enough to recognize that such reasons can be good ones. They should certainly be broader than Walter Schaefer, who has been heard to say when discussing the public and private spheres of one Asian economy: "We're not entirely blameless ourselves, of course; we have TVA in the public sector."

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GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor and Publisher*
MICHAEL STRAIGHT, *Editor-at-Large*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
Selig S. Harrison, *Associate Editor*
Robert Evett, *Book and Music Editor*
Staff Contributors: Gerald W. Johnson, B. H. Haggin, Frank Getlein
F. R. Ruskin, *Assistant to the Publisher*
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Eisenhower, Faubus And the Court

THE central and truly appalling fact in the integration crisis precipitated some three weeks ago by Governor Faubus of Arkansas is the total and notorious bankruptcy to which it reduced the Presidency of the United States. In circumstances of comparable, though of course not equal gravity, to those prevailing a century ago, Mr. Eisenhower is James Buchanan reincarnate.

Nothing could be farther from reality than the staggering simplicities that Mr. Eisenhower has for five years now insisted on reading into the concept of the separation of powers. Our government consists, to be sure, of discrete institutions—States and the Union, the Executive, Congress, the Judiciary. But all effectiveness depends upon their involvement with each other, their intimacy, even if it is sometimes the intimacy of creatures locked in battle. For they are revolutionary institutions, invented by men whose stance was one of protest and wariness of power, and they were each intentionally equipped with serious infirmities. It may be safely posited that none is *by itself* capable of attempting any purpose that may lie within its own formally prescribed area of competence. Singly they may always be frustrated. And so it was meant to be. Therein is the safeguard. But effective operation requires working together.

These truths—perhaps they are not exactly self-evident, but they are widely appreciated—have from the very beginning formed the setting of the segregation problem. A breakdown in the effectiveness of the Federal judicial process was always conceivable. It is true that when it runs in customary channels and is addressed to state judges and court officials, that process is nowadays supported by a powerful habit of obedience. But that the Governor of a state should refuse to honor the federal writ has been and remains a distinct possibility, which the judicial process, operating alone, would ultimately be helpless to deal with. It was, therefore, most important to avoid any clash which raised that possibility. To do so was within the function of the President, and it was his duty.

For the President, save as Congress may check him, does have the power to bend the Governor of a state to the national will. It is quite rightly agreed all around that the use of federal force would solve nothing. But there is moral force to be brought to bear through the national network of communications. This great unifying force, customarily wielded by private agencies to unify us at the lowest common denominator, is one to which the President has unequalled access. The courts have almost none. The television, the radio, the newsreels—all were available to President Eisenhower. He should have promptly used them to point out the moral inevitability of integration—not just the desirability of abiding by the decrees of the Court, but the essential rightness of those decrees. He should have made an effort to highlight the moral consequences of continued opposition, not on the heroic Negro children, but on the children of misguided though no doubt essentially decent white Southerners; to show us the disfigurement we allowed the Communists to work on our image throughout the world; and to recite the facts, gathered by the Department of Justice, which stripped the pretense of good will and good faith from Governor Faubus. It is impossible to believe that skillful use of the access a President has to the minds and hearts of people throughout the country, combined with privately applied pressure, could have failed to dislodge Governor Faubus' troops within a matter of days. Should the need have been felt to provide a face-saving device, surely some generality offering cooperation to the Governor in case violence materialized or continued would have sufficed.

Instead the President was caught on the point of leaving Washington. He gave his strongest approbation of the policy of integration by saying that he had no quarrel with it! And he was off, with the result that the shocking pictures of violence in Little Rock shared the front pages with those of a carefree, golfing President, whose Press Secretary had instructions to be non-committal on the whole matter. Statements issued by the President on Sunday came too late, were not strong enough and were not issued by him personally.

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The consequences are sad and distressing, but are likely to be with us for awhile, from September to September. The courts, we may assume, will decide that Governor Faubus exceeded his authority, as that authority is limited by the Fourteenth Amendment and by the Supreme Court's holding in 1932 in the case of Sterling v. Constantin. And Governor Faubus, let us assume further, will obey. But the courts will not—they cannot—lay down a blanket rule. The next case will depend upon its own facts. Thus the prospects of litigation open before every Southern Governor. The political facts of life being what they are, President Eisenhower's inaction has issued to every one of them an irresistible invitation to call out the Guard and litigate.

Litigation, it will be said, and very much of it, was in any event in prospect. But not litigation that is provoked by tolerating, and perhaps inciting to, violence; and not litigation which on some facts might conceivably result in a temporary court victory for the forces of segregation; nor, one was entitled to hope, litigation which might end in defiance of the court by a Governor, and thus damage the general efficacy of judicial process.

Had President Eisenhower discharged the responsibilities of his office in the Arkansas crisis, other Southern

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Governors with whom he is at this moment meeting would have known that in calling the National Guard they joined battle with the President of the United States —a political battle no doubt becoming more and more dangerous with every year that witnesses basic changes in the South and steady peaceful integration on its borders. Some Governors might not have been deterred anyway. Others might have been, and might first have sought delay in litigation of the sort that does not require a foundation in violence to be brought about. As it is, all know that they face, initially at any rate, only the courts. Shrewd legal and practical advice is available to them. In the end, one will be found willing to disobey an injunction addressed to him. Then, one hopes, the President will know that he cannot go on considering the problem of integration a matter to be settled by the courts alone. Then, one hopes, he will know that he is himself inescapably involved; and he will know then that he has only postponed, not avoided, the discharge of his responsibilities, but that by postponing he has made his own task harder and more painful.

Last Stop

THE NOSTALGIC NOTE is more appropriate to *The New Yorker* than to *The New Republic*, but thus far that fine weekly journal has not mentioned the dismantling of the Pullman Company's great Chicago plant, where sleeping cars have been built for half a century; or the conversion by the American Car and Foundry Company —the nation's largest manufacturer of railroad passenger cars—of its four plants to other production, relegating future railroad orders to its streetcar department.

Although the average age today of railroad passenger equipment is 28 years, future car orders have declined to a mere 34 units for the whole country. From this, equipment manufacturers conclude that the era in which trains carried people is about to end. The Pullman car and the coach will shortly join the paddlewheel river steamer, the canal barge and the stage coach.

Between 1946 and 1950, rail coach travel declined by 60 percent, and first class travel by half. Since then, passenger decline has continued, through at a less precipitate rate. Many ex-coach-travellers are driving their own automobiles (now super-highways and motels have made this form of transportation more inviting) or buses (with Steve Allen's encouragement). Most Pullman business has switched to the airlines.

It seemed that a railroad renaissance was possible three years ago when the Chesapeake and Ohio and the New Haven placed orders for fast aluminum trains. The new cars were expected to appreciably add to passenger pleasure, attract new customers and at the same time reduce operating costs. The cars were put in operation but had no marked effect.

How the UN Votes

IN A SURPRISING speech last July, one of the fathers of the United Nations, Sir Winston Churchill, attacked the UN formula of one vote for each member nation on the ground that with the UN's growth this procedure loads decisions in favor of small and less responsible powers. The UN has not, it is true, brought peace with justice to Hungary, or Algeria, Cyprus, Kashmir, or the Middle East. But to what degree are the smaller powers responsible for these failures? No agreement has been reached on limiting armaments or the cessation of nuclear testing, but again should this be blamed on the fact, in Sir Winston's words, that "differences between the great powers have thrown responsibility increasingly on the Assembly [which] has been vastly swollen by the addition of new nations"?

How has the Assembly been behaving? We may make some judgment of it in the light of the opening vote of the current 12th General Assembly, in condemnation of Soviet actions in Hungary. On December 12 of last year, while Russian tanks were still in the streets of Budapest, the Assembly voted to condemn Russia by 58 to 8, with 13 abstentions. This year, long after the tanks had withdrawn, the vote to censure was 60-10, with 10 abstentions. This hardening of the line was most noticeable within the "uncommitted" Afro-Asian bloc; last year, 15 nations in this group voted to censure the Soviets, while 11 abstained; this year, 18 voted to condemn, 9 were silent. The admission in 1957 of Ghana and Malaya to UN membership has added to the number of smaller states able and willing to vote contrary to Russian desires.

No mechanistic approach to the worthy aim of a strengthened UN can, it seems to us, produce the desired results, and we agree with Secretary-General Hammarskjold who says in his annual report issued earlier this month that the limitations of UN action derive from "the facts of international life," and cannot be overcome merely by introducing a system of weighted voting, which would give more power to the larger nations in the Assembly.

"Unlimited Confusion"

JACK RAYMOND, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, in that paper's issue of September 14, called our attention to an article by Col. Ephraim M. Hampton, Deputy for Evaluation of the Air War College, which bears the fetching title: "Unlimited Confusion over Limited War." In it Colonel Hampton argues that "War is war; a condition of combat, and it is potentially total at all times. There is no assured method of keeping it limited. Armed conflict between modern nations inevitably involves risk of mutual annihilation."

To Colonel Hampton, the limited war requirement is

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a residual, not an essential, requirement—and preferably one that should be shoved off on our allies. Under pressure from the budget-cutters, the one thing he wishes to protect is the ability of our strategic air force to deter "a sudden and devastating nuclear attack on this country" because this is "the greatest threat to our national existence."

Here is where Colonel Hampton and we must part company. To us the requirements imposed upon our national defense by the nuclear age are a whole, within which the strategic "deterrent" and the ability to conduct limited military operations in such a way as to keep them limited are equal. If there is a question how much we need, and can afford, for the limited capability, there is equally a question how much we need and can afford for the "unlimited" capability. If the former must live on crumbs left after the latter has gorged itself we shall find ourselves only half-armed—and in a world which has known recurrent, *limited* conflict ever since Hiroshima, despite our capacity to retaliate massively.

Moreover, we flatly dispute the military's cherished dogma that a surprise nuclear attack is "the greatest threat to our national existence." Granted that it is in some sense the most disturbing contingency, it is also remote, and a remote contingency can hardly be our "greatest" problem. And why is it remote? Because it presents us with no ambiguous, complex policy questions. All we have to do is to spend money on the Strategic Air Command, and on missiles, offensive and defensive—enough to deprive the Kremlin of any confidence that it could destroy us and our means of retaliation before Russia could be dangerously hurt.

In our judgment, the greater threat to our security resides in those more difficult defense problems for which there is no such obvious solution as massive retaliation. It is true indeed that nothing could be worse than our destruction in general nuclear war. But, unless we go to sleep at the switches, the prospect of such a war being suddenly initiated against us is far less oppressive than the chance of our stumbling or being forced into it *because of our failure to provide ourselves in advance with the military means for limited defense,* and with the philosophy, doctrine, concept—call it what you will—for their rational employment.

Death of Sibelius

WHILE Sibelius' death, at the age of 91, came as something less than a shock, it is instructive to see how the almost-lost art of writing twaddle about him instantly revived. The *New York Times,* for instance, solemnly informed us that "He was a Finn. He is now an Immortal."

While Sibelius was alive, it was hard to think of him as a contemporary of Puccini, Mahler and Debussy. All of these men—born within a few years of Sibelius—died more than 30 years ago, while they were still extremely active. Of their contemporaries, it was left to Sibelius and Richard Strauss to go on living in a world where "modern" writing did not include them. If Sibelius had died after completing the Seventh Symphony in 1924, he would probably have a stronger position in the symphonic repertory than he has now.

As it is, his support has always come from the wrong quarters, and his reputation has suffered accordingly. His worst friends were those who described him as "the greatest living symphonist." It is highly doubtful that he deserved this distinction at any point in his life; but he only got it after he had stopped producing, and the people who spoke for him were, in the main, anti-modernists who were convinced that Sibelius was the last pale reflection of a dead golden age. It's hardly likely that these people will want to call him the greatest *dead* symphonist, and, in their estimation, he will probably shrink to Dvorak's stature in fairly short order.

MODERNISTS and anti-modernists both prefer to forget that, while he was writing, Sibelius *did* move with the times; anti-modernists forgive him for the last four symphonies much as modernists forgive Stravinsky for *Firebird* and *Petrouchka.* Sibelius was a long time in making his peace with the 20th Century. Nonetheless, the assumption (it's too familiar to be called a "charge") that he was reactionary isn't fair. Like so many of his juniors, Sibelius developed a sombre, personal style based on a free approach to form and a coloristic use of dissonance.

But he seems to have had no sense of humor and only the most rudimentary powers of self-criticism. The result is that many of his biggest conceptions aren't very pleasant to listen to. The Fourth Symphony, for instance, is a milestone in Sibelius' career; but it is one of the most tedious, disagreeable-sounding works ever composed. And the heroic Seventh Symphony is forever being marred by weak wind-writing.

It was after the Seventh Symphony that Sibelius stopped publishing altogether. In fact, during the last 30 years of his life, he gave us an example of how to be a great composer without actually writing music. No other major composer (unless one calls Rossini a major composer) has ever thrown in the sponge: the popular picture of a composer at his death is of a man furiously struggling to get the last few notes on the page. So the very fact that Sibelius stopped writing is often taken as a sign that he had nothing further to say and little to say in the first place. A more charitable explanation (which few seem to take seriously) is that Sibelius was caught up in the notions of musical progress current in the twenties, and that he gave up writing because he could neither go forward nor turn back.

The explanation we prefer, however, is an apocryphal and doubtless malicious story, according to which Sibel-

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ius was sure that he would die as soon as he finished the Eighth Symphony, because God (as a pretty compliment to Beethoven) had decided not to let any more major composers complete nine symphonies. Before Shostakovitch had written his Tenth, only a few post-Beethoven composers had even approached this mystic number, and three of them—Schubert, Bruckner and Mahler—had expired at curiously disparate ages (31, 72 and 50) with about eight-and-a-half symphonies to their credit. Sibelius was said to have taken this into consideration and used his Eighth Symphony as a form of life insurance.

The proper sequel to this story would be that Sibelius, after spending the last 30-odd years smoking his cigars and watching his reputation wax and wane, decided to end it all by finishing the Eighth Symphony. Suppose that on September 20th, last week, he walked into his studio, put down a couple of notes and a slur or two, and drew a double bar. Is it possible that he looked up and found the Archangel Michael furiously tapping his foot? The newspapers say that Sibelius died of a cerebral hemorrhage. The Sibelius legend should be spared so prosaic a finale.

Huck Lights Out

WE CANNOT share the general dismay at the removal of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* from the textbook list of New York's high schools—although we do share Gerald Johnson's disgust with the city's timorous Board of Education. Huck, we feel sure, will survive the ban; in fact, we expect him to thrive on it.

For the books that children are *made* to study generally produce only torpor or rebellion. It was for this reason that Bernard Shaw once expressed the hope that his plays would never be read in the classroom; he was sure that every schoolboy would come to hate him, as every schoolboy has come to hate Shakespeare. We ourselves were 12 years old when we first discovered Huck Finn. No teacher directed our attention to him, nor did anyone dilute our pleasure with a shuffling, embarrassed discussion of Twain's propriety in using the word "nigger." This was as it ought to be, for we had no doubt, even then, that the author's sympathy and affection were all with Huck and "Miss Watson's big nigger, named Jim."

Anyway, Huck has been thrown out of better cities than New York, and by bigger people than those on the city's Board of Education. Besides, his own Aunt Sally must have prepared him for the school boards and expurgators of this world, and he probably will not be surprised to find out that once again he

> got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilise me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

THE CLOUD

(After Percy Bysshe Shelley)

I SCORCH sweet flowers with fiery showers,
I poison the wholesome air,
And the good earth strew with the deathly dew
That in my breast I bear.
With a whirlwind swirl my wings unfurl,
In the flash of a blinding blaze,
And my molten glow withers all below,
Bombarded by viewless rays.
I dim the sun, and my currents run
Through all creation's veins
As I spray earth's crust with fission dust
And radioactive rains.

When the charge I nursed is in air dispersed
Over the plains and seas,
I shed from the skies as I vaporize,
Infection of mortal disease;
For my atoms pass through plants and grass
To beasts that on pasture feed,
And thence again in the frames of men
Rot marrow and bone and seed.
On light waves buoyed in the burning void,
On their predetermined course,
My fine motes sift, and downward drift
Through the earth's attractive force,
And wherever they light, with a lethal blight
Taint nature at the source.

From my matrix torn, to the zenith borne,
I spiral in luminous shape;
Men stand aghast at my searing blast
When I from my bonds escape;
My thunderclap leaves in air a gap
That meets with a bellowing roar,
And I make earth shake with a cosmic quake
To the depths of the ocean floor.
The face of day turns ashen grey
Against my candescent cone,
And there is no shield from the shafts I wield
While the globe below lies prone;
And I laugh to see the stricken flee
In search of a safety zone.

I AM the cloud, the pall, the shroud
That the hand of man has made,
Who now must breathe in fear beneath
The chill of my livid shade.
For when in space without a trace
I melt, and the heavens shine clear,
My swarms unseen in the blue serene
Still circle the stratosphere;
And I leave behind to scourge mankind
My fallout from the sky;
The living I doom, and the child in the womb,
For I change, but I cannot die.

SAGITTARIUS

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Adenauer's Triumph and German Democracy

A CARTOON published in a leading German newspaper on the day after the Federal election showed the disgruntled figure of Herr Erich Ollenhauer, the Chairman of the defeated Social Democratic Party, standing disconsolately in a corner of a room. In the middle of the room was a step-ladder and sitting half-way up it was the pensive and equally dejected Dr. Reinhold Maier, Chairman of the Free Democratic Party. At the top of the ladder, in an attitude of prayer, the backview of a German Party politician and gazing down at him the much-larger-than-life poker-face of Federal Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. The cartoon might aptly have been entitled "The Government-to-be, which HE will decide."

For this election has immensely, perhaps even unduly, strengthened the political power and prestige of Dr. Adenauer and his Christian Democratic Union. The barest survey of the figures only will serve to show why. The Christian Democrats increased their percentage of the poll from 45 to more than 50 percent. Their seats in the Bundestag, the Lower House of the Federal Parliament, have increased from 243 to 270. Of these 194 were won by direct election, or 22 more than in 1953. The Christian Democrats have an absolute majority over all other parties combined of 43; in 1953 they were in a minority of one.

All sorts of problems spring out of this fact. It is clearly easiest to deal with the more mundane first. To begin with there is no question whatever of Dr. Adenauer relinquishing the post of Chancellor. On the contrary, he has told his inmost advisers that he is absolutely confident of seeing out the whole of his third four-year term in office. There is equally no question of his deciding to govern with the support only of his own party.

Dr. Adenauer intends asking the small German Party—which polled just one million votes and obtained 17 seats in the Bundestag—to join his coalition. This is little more than a gesture. For the German Party has not begun to develop—as it hoped to do—into a stable Conservative party. As one bitingly hostile politician put it—"The German Party is cast for the role of the perfect satellite and can hardly be surprised if it is carried into the Bundestag in Dr. Adenauer's rucksack." Far more important, the Chancellor is virtually certain to ask the Free Democrats to come in too. They were his partners for six years in the Bundestag and Cabinet, and his opponents for the last two. If the Free Democrats join up again, the Social Democrats will be left in lonely isolation. The ring of bourgeois parties will be complete; the solitary "Marxist" party will become, possibly—if the Chancellor had his way—permanent pig-in-the-middle.

The overwhelming majority of the German people—including quite a few who voted Social Democrat for different reasons—supports both Dr. Adenauer's own foreign policy and the economic policy of Professor Ludwig Erhard. For the next four years it is quite sure that the Federal Republic will remain scrupulously loyal to the Western Alliance, will continue to act as the land-pivot of NATO on the European mainland, and will pursue the road which Dr. Adenauer believes will lead to reunification—through a so-called "policy of strength" and of steady insistence. For the next four years it is equally sure that the Federal Republic will continue to benefit from Professor Erhard's "free-market" economic policies with their emphasis on the encouragement of private initiative, on "dynamic" exports of goods and capital, and on the forcing upwards of the national product by increasingly eased movement.

If Professor Erhard is wise he will modify his economic policies in one way—by spreading their benefits more evenly and giving the German worker a larger slice of the cake of prosperity. On the day after the election Dr. Adenauer made the very significant remark that his party had for the first time made real inroads into the Social Democratic preserve of organized labor. All sorts of reasons made this possible, but it will only happen again if the next government develops the progressive social policy which was forecast for the first time by the new Pensions Law in the spring.

But all these are superficial, and not root problems. At this moment, with Dr. Adenauer ready to pose for a new type of Winged Victory and his followers unashamedly gloating over their political riches, it may be apposite to ask what effect this election will have on German democracy. Has there been a second surrender to a one-man cult? Has an electorate been blinded by material success? Has a potentially dangerous political situation been created, in which increasingly middle-of-the-road Social Democrats will be forced to change their course to the Left and in which vested interests will take such firm control of Christian Democracy that it will jettison its political ideals?

LET it be said at once—this election has had some unsavory features. The least of them was the personal adulation of Dr. Adenauer. Certainly this was sometimes carried to an extreme. At his first big meeting in Essen, for instance, the Chancellor was cheered all the way down an 80-yard long hall. He was cheered again when he reached the end of it, when he was "introduced" by a local party official, when he took his stand at the rostrum and for minutes on end when he finished and again when he left. In some quarters the fear began to be expressed that the German people was once again succumbing to a "Fuehrer-cult" but it is at least sure that the qualities for which the Germans admire Adenauer are not the same qualities for which they worshipped Hitler. In Adenauer they see the patriarch, a sort of universal provider who looks after his people as well as his numerous family, a symbol of the well-being and respectability which Germans today crave far more than glory.

Less endearing was the pomp and display—blamed by

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many on the transatlantic influences of his election-managers—with which the Chancellor stomped the country. The hordes of policemen carried by this special train and enrolled at each stopping-place, his habit of turning every political meeting into a political demonstration, the squads of over-zealous young men in arm-bands who challenged every interrupter—these were unnecessary trappings for the head of a democratic state. But this much must be said in Dr. Adenauer's favor. He was an old man of 81 with a terrible testing program—he made 57 election speeches in five weeks. No questions were allowed at his meetings because he simply did not give himself time to answer them. Interrupters were summarily dealt with because he was going to speak, on the average, for at least an hour and a half and thousands had come to hear what he—and not some heckler—had to say. His special railway-train may have seemed bizarre in Germany, but would have been no more than mundane in the United States.

FAR more disturbing than this highly-organized and somewhat over-guarded triumphal tour was the steam-roller strength of the Christian Democratic propaganda campaign. Two days before the election the Social Democrats declared that 116 million marks had been raised for the Christian Democratic cause. This is a gigantic sum for a comparatively small community, for the Social Democrats themselves collected no more than 7 million marks—and published their accounts. Big industrial firms were allowed tax-exemption on 50 percent of the sums which they contributed; the individual party-member was allowed no tax-exemption whatever. This produced one of the most one-sided propaganda battles in the history of a democratic state. The CDU began plastering hoardings and bill-boards weeks before the other parties could afford to do so. Long rows of healthily sunburned faces of CDU leaders stared down, injunctions not to "forget Hungary" and to "count your pennies and stop political experiments" dominated town-centers. All this was made possible by big industry, which this time was wholeheartedly behind Dr. Adenauer (in 1953 it contributed considerable funds to the Free Democrats and other parties as a sort of "political reinsurance").

Is this development healthy, always remembering that big industry bolstered up the Nazi Party when it was beginning to crumble and raised millions for Hitler in order to see him into power? The answer—even though industrialists have become more matter-of-fact people and would scarcely want to back a new dictatorship—is that it emphatically is not. Every organ of publicity allowed itself to be dominated by strictly financial considerations. In an age of rampant material self-interest this may not be hard. But there was something ironical about the leading newspapers, *Die Welt*, the *Dusseldorf Mittag* and the *Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* publishing full-page "advertisements" for Professor Erhard's economic policies two days before the election. The editors of the first two have been among Dr. Adenauer's most persistent critics. The editor of the *Westdeutsche* is a leading member of the Social Democratic Party.

Here is a threat to German democracy. It can only begin to be eliminated when industries are refused tax-exemption for "political expenses" and when political parties publish their full accounts. So far the only one to do so is the Social Democratic Party. Industry has every right to support what it regards as a sane and progressive party; but the power of the purse must not be allowed to dominate an election in the way that it has done this time.

There were, of course, some strictly political failings about this election. The Social Democrats produced a thoroughly weak and confused program and a persistently weak Opposition is not conducive to the healthy interplay of political forces. The Free Democrats wavered between the orthodox precepts of their liberal wing and the stark opportunism of the "Young Turks" in Dusseldorf, whose real purpose is to build up a right-wing "Third Force" in German politics and whose interest in liberalism as such is remote. Out of the welter of right-wing parties not one has emerged which may become a steadying influence in the future. The political scene remains, therefore, in one sense unbalanced. A monolithic and financially powerful CDU is confronted by a poorly-led and disgruntled SPD in a Bundestag whose debates will tend increasingly to become matters of mere formality. There may be good government during the next four years; but there will be no Parliamentary growth.

This may sound more unfortunate than it will turn out to be in fact. The tendency in the outside world to make a whipping-boy out of Germany—whatever she is doing and in whichever direction she is going—should not for a moment obscure the good points about this election. The German electorate was commendably calm and unwilling to be stampeded into any sort of political hysteria. During the election campaign a considerable number of Germans have written to the newspapers, often expressing thoroughly enlightened views. This is new. The "little man" in Germany has always been slow to express or assert himself, and generally afraid to do so. This time writers have urged their fellows to remember that Germany is no longer the hub of the civilized world, and has no further excuse for national egocentricity; that past mistakes must never be forgotten, and that the nation's undeniable political immaturity must be overcome. They have shown real concern over the organization of democracy. Should, for instance, Federal Ministers be responsible to Parliament, and not simply to the Chancellor? Should a Chancellor be limited to two four-year terms in office? Should special provisions ensure that the electoral law is not modified or repealed, and that the existence of the small parties is guaranteed? All this does not add up to the political apathy which many critics of all things German were discovering early on during the election campaign.

ONE home-truth should point the moral of this election. The German people lost a war in 1918, experienced a serious inflation afterwards and was then dragged into the wake of a world depression. On top of this came an era of Nazi dictatorship, a second and more disastrous war and an Allied occupation. In the last eight years the Federal Republic has had only two governments and one Chancellor; in the first eight years of the Weimar Republic there were eight governments and eight Chancellors. Today the Germans want, more than anything else, the stability and steady material progress which has eluded them since 1914.

Bonn TERENCE PRITTIE

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The Superficial Aspect

Oh, For Mencken Now

WHEN THE New York City Board of Education removed *Huckleberry Finn* from the high school reading list, apparently because some silly Negroes objected to it, one lament should have gone up from every civilized community between Sandy Hook and the Golden Gate: "Mencken, thou shouldst be living at this hour!"

It is useless to argue such a case. Every really great work of art is offensive to someone, for a work of art is a protest against things as they are and a proclamation of things as they ought to be. Venus de Milo is an offense to every flat-chested woman in the world, and the Belvedere Apollo to every pot-bellied man. *Huckleberry Finn* is just as offensive to racism as Mark Twain could make it, regardless of whether the racism is that of a white Troglodyte or a black Mrs. Grundy.

But it is useless to argue the point because the people responsible for this folly are opposed to great art, as they are opposed to everything that stimulates thinking, since thinking is a painful process. They would feed the rising generation on nothing but intellectual pap. They are not deterred by the fact that a diet of pap produces intellectual infants, "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms" at the age of fifty, because they feel no touch of horror at sight of a gray-bearded infant.

Mencken never argued with such characters, he merely roared; but he was effective, for, as a sweetsinger whose name escapes me said of him,

> Even some he failed to hit
> Were flattened by the wind of it.

The quality of Mencken was brought vividly to mind recently by a dinner in Baltimore on Old Defenders' Day, a Maryland festival commemorating the battle of North Point, September 12, 1814, when the amphibious attack on Baltimore was broken, and a delighted lawyer wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." To an uninformed outlander Mencken described the battle as "the greatest victory in American history. The Americans and the British met at North Point, engaged in a foot-race back to the saloons of East Baltimore, and the Americans beat the British by a mile."

But September 12 happens also to be the birthday of H. L. Mencken. On that date, under the auspices of the *Baltimore Sun*, Alistair Cooke devoted half an hour on television to Mencken, and in the evening, supported by Marquis Childs and Julian Boyd, he appeared at a dinner attended by 35 or 40 men, all associates of Mencken.

It was one of the oddest gatherings in the history of Baltimore. No Communist was present, and no Ku Kluxer, but between those extremes every shade of opinion was represented. Frank Kent, most conservative of columnists, was present, and so was Siegfried Weisberger who, when Stevenson was defeated, sold his bookshop and retired to a farm, saying, "It is the age of the boob." It is hard to imagine any other attraction that could have drawn that group of men together.

Obviously, they did not believe in Mencken's doctrine, for there is no doctrine known to man that all of them accept. But while they disbelieved much that he said, how they believed in Mencken! He was a free man, not merely politically, but also free from the stricter bondage that the desire to be popular imposes. Such damage as his errors may have done was more than compensated by the good he did merely by being free, thereby reminding us that freedom is possible, if a man has the wit and the courage to assert it.

Courage is not uncommon. This country has never suffered any lack of martyrs. But courage associated with high skill in polemics is rare. Mencken was as completely void of the martyr complex as any man in the world, yet he constantly pulled the noses of heavyweight champions. He lived long and prospered on account of his magnificent footwork—when they swung at him he was somewhere else. Not many of us are fast enough on our feet to do that, but his demonstration that it can be done is a delight and a comfort that will last while memory lasts.

THAT is why a group of men who were at odds on every other subject could happily agree in paying tribute to his memory. The thirst for freedom is not factional or partisan. It expresses itself differently in conservative and liberal, but the thirst is identical and to a certain extent any free man satisfies it. This is a hard matter to understand for those who think that the suppression of ideas is the way to preserve the peace. But it is greatly encouraging for those with the wit to perceive that being ignorant of *Huckleberry Finn* does not broaden a student's understanding and make him a wiser and more tolerant human being.

Yet how sad it is that Mencken, the Old Defender of freedom and intelligence, is not here to denounce this regimen of pap in terms that would raise large blisters on academic hides!

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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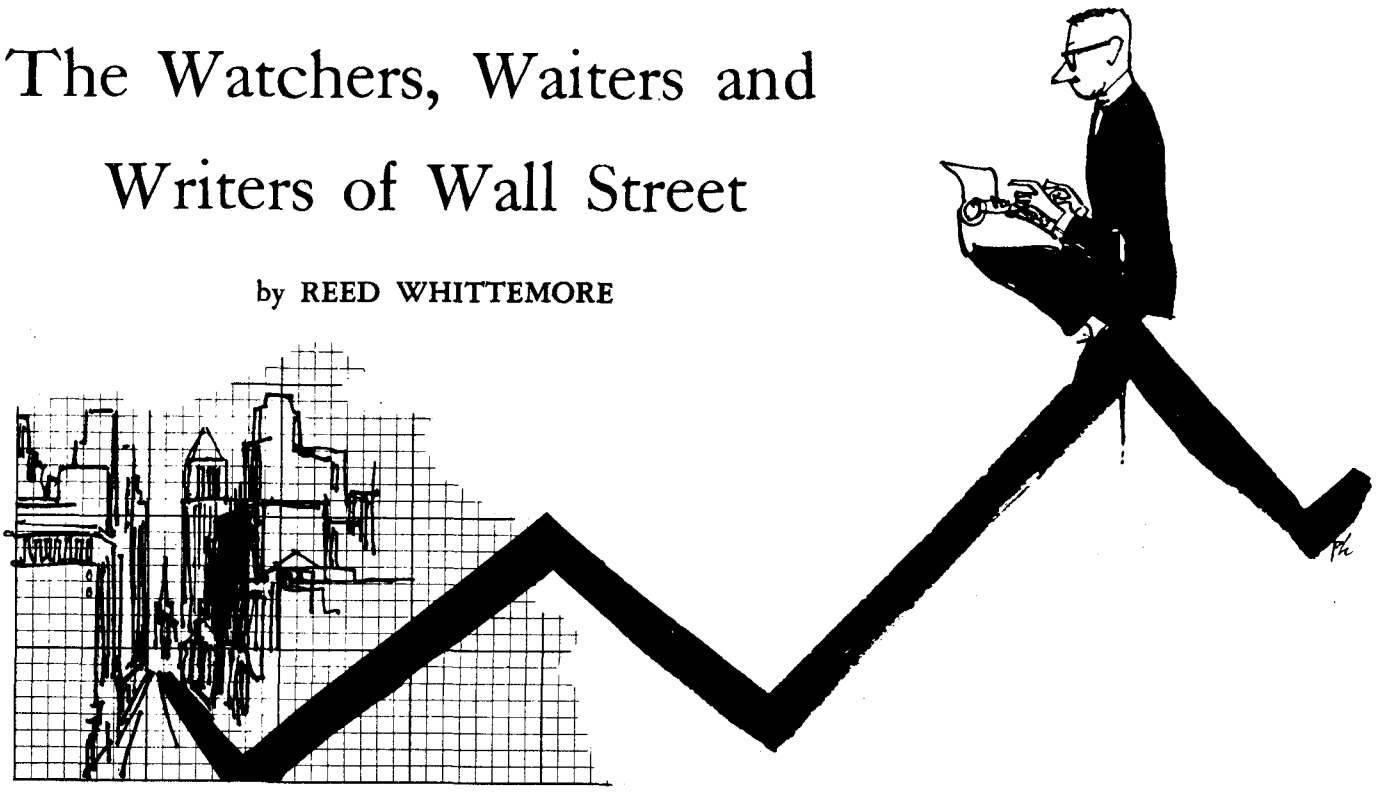
The Watchers, Waiters and Writers of Wall Street

by REED WHITTEMORE



My limited researches suggest that in olden times the making or losing of money, like other important enterprises, was regarded as in the laps of the gods. Thus the words "money" and "fortune" tended to get mixed up. Shakespeare's description of Antonio in the *Merchant of Venice,* though the work of a literary chap, is an apt one: between poor Antonio and his money is a wide sea full "of shallows and of flats" and "of dangerous rocks"; his ships and therefore his fortune may or may not come home safe, and whether they do or not is wholly out of his hands. Samuel Pepys similarly, though in more business like fashion, observes that his fortunes are in God's hands. In fact he has a tick about it; one finds scores of such entries as:

> At noon dined at home, and after dinner to my accounts and cast them up, and find that though I have spent above 90 pounds this month yet I have saved 17 pounds, for which the Lord be praised!
>
> Up, and in my night gowne, cap and neckcloth, undressed all day long, lost not a minute, but in my chamber, setting my Tangier account to rights. Which I did by night to my very heart's content, not only that it is done, but I find everything right, and beyond what, after so long neglecting them, I did hope for. The Lord of Heaven be praised for it!
>
> . . . I did find myself really worth 1,900 pounds, for which the great God of Heaven and Earth be praised!

On no other matters, I think, does Pepys lavish so many exclamation points. His thanks to God for preserving him from the plague of 1665 are lukewarm and perfunctory beside his grateful acknowledgments for financial protection.

What have Pepys and Antonio to do with Wall Street? A good deal I think. The language of the Street has never been marked by as much ostentatious piety as the language of Pepys, and in our time obeisance is made to the rough beast of Yeats rather than to God. But otherwise the feelings toward some apparently controlling forces outside the individual are similar.

Let me start with a low-powered figure, one of the most popular and least figurative of the images to be found describing the Street's activities: the market's "tone." I'm not sure, and I don't think most of the writers are sure, whether the word "tone" refers basically to music or to "the state of tension or firmness proper to the tissues of the body," but at any rate it would seem usually to have lost its figurative significance for our economists and to mean merely the quality or state of the market, whatever that is.

1891—"in the latter part of the month there was a much better feeling, the tone had improved."
1891—"the tone has been quite variable this week."
1907—"the tone at the close remained good."
1929—"the market started the week with a fairly confident tone."
1957—"the general tone of the market has been lower or mixed."

REED WHITTEMORE *teaches literature at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota.*

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I would have you note the obvious here, that the market is being described as something with, if not life, at least a sort of will or character (pretty seedy) of its own. Anyone on the Street must sense this, particularly when the market's "tone" is bad, but no definition of a market I have seen admits the possibility. A market is usually defined not as a force in itself but as a wholly passive thing subject to forces working around, on or in it. Clearly, though, the writers I have been reading don't in their heart of hearts accept such cold-blooded definitions.

1891—"the markets were kept in a state of uncertainty."
1907—"the market was more or less in a state of depression."
1907—"the European markets were as much disturbed as our own."
1929—"the market has been weak, lower and depressed."
1957—"the market didn't make much of an effort."

On rare occasions a writer will get literary and note that he is speaking figuratively. Thus, "Business after once being checked never takes on its lost activity as soon as the cause or causes of the depression are displaced, any more than robust health can be the immediate sequence of the removal of the disease." But mostly the figures are not acknowledged, and I cannot with any confidence say that the omission is merely inadvertent. Particularly in times of stress the market's "character" seems very real indeed.

1907—"prices again ran off in an alarming way."
1929—"prices bounded up in the same unrestrained fashion."
1930—the market "broke savagely."
1930—"for the first time the market showed the ability to rally wholeheartedly."
1957—"a sinking spell . . . drove prices down."
1957—"many issues hit new lows, in sympathy with the Big Board."
1957—"the interest centered in specialties, with most of the list backing and filling."

Lurking behind most of the images presented so far is the image of a human being or an animal. But frequently the references are to inanimate nature.

1907—"on that day prices simply melted away."
1929—"the panic, as a result of which prices have melted away . . ."
1929—"the truth is, however, that the market is falling of its own weight."
1930—"a flood of selling hit the market."
1957—"a heavy wave of selling . . . knocked prices down."
1957—"the latest erosion in stock prices . . ."

Even when no figure is conjured up or implied the market still retains, simply as an abstract or intangible force, a momentum of its own. Here is a richly bombastic example of this, from a blurb about the New York Stock Exchange written in, of all times, 1930:

> Although often hidden by the rhetorical flights of orators and patriots, the celebration of military triumphs, and even the more enduring artistic and social achievements of the superstructural city life built about it, the parent market place of the city steadily performed its less striking but more basic economic functions. The daily exchange of goods among unremembered merchants, the influx of imports, and the outflow of exports, went quietly on. While on the Acropolis Pericles was planning a greater Athenian empire, while Phidias was carving the white loveliness of the reliefs on the Parthenon, or while Plato was discoursing on immortality in the academy, the purchase and sale of goods proceeded steadily in the Piraeus—in the main unremarked by the poets, and yet fundamentally vital to the glory and power of the Athenian State.

To be noted here is the fine confusion existing throughout about who, exactly, is being heroic down in the old Piraeus. The "unremembered merchants," like Gray's desert blossoms, might of course be accused, but in the course of the paragraph they, perhaps appropriately, recede into the background and the market itself becomes the quiet but heroic performer whose deeds may be compared to those of Pericles, Phidias and Plato. Thus the market is, and is not, just a market. Now in the following two quotations the market is clearly a market, but it is also a force.

1929—"the downward movement became irresistible and efforts to check it, even of a most determined character, seemed puny."
1957—"many who had been waiting on the sidelines for a better idea of the short-term course decided to sell when the market reached an historic support level and kept right on going down."

The last quotation is very characteristic of our time—both the "many" outside the market and the market itself seem to be operating upon prices, so that the market is not given sole credit for its miserable performance. Nonetheless it *is* given credit; notice that the "many" on the sidelines did not act until the market, apparently all by itself, had descended below the "historic support level." And yet the market is not in any way personified here; it is simply an independent, ungovernable, unpredictable force.

It is not continuously thus. There have been times when the market's malleability or ultimate responsiveness (as per definition) to recognizable persons and forces outside it has appeared to be its chief characteristic. Going back to 1870 I find, in a book entitled *Ten Years in Wall Street* by one William Worthington Fowler, the following lurid account of Street activities. Mr. Fowler begins by talking rather fuzzily about mere forces; there are, he says, always two forces: "one is a

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projectile force, sending the values upward; the other a kind of financial gravitation, carrying values downward." He does not, however, tell us what, if anything, motivates these forces. They seem to be simply present, like gravity or inertia. And pretty soon he abandons them in favor of people: "the effect of these forces respectively, the bulls and the bears, seek to heighten and turn to their profit." The grammar of that sentence is obscure, and I am not clear from it whether the forces are after all merely the bulls and the bears, or are intensified, egged on by the bulls and the bears. Anyway he now turns the heat on the latter, leaving the forces go hang.

> Nearly all those prodigious oscillations in the stock market, which have startled the public for the past seven years, have been due to the influence of those powerful combinations, which have obtained control of certain stocks, and made them dance up in long erratic jumps, or have hurled them down still more swiftly and strangely . . .
>
> In the present decade . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew are the central Titanic figures. These men are the Nimrods, the mighty hunters of the stock market; they are the large pike in a pond peopled by a smaller scaly tribe.

This particular comment on market activity I find delightful—but it is, of course, a most common kind of observation, and justifiably so. We have so much evidence of the activity of Titans or Nimrods in the market in the past, and their activity makes such good copy, that all sorts of books have been published describing them to the exclusion of that Titanic or Nimrodic figure, the market itself. How Morgan manipulated Steel, Harriman Railroads, and Rockefeller Oil; how Morgan and some captive bankers (whom he had locked, with himself, in a room) ended the Panic of 1907; and how all the great financiers of the Twenties pushed their chosen stocks up and down apparently at will—all these matters are in the histories and they are frequently described with an eloquence even exceeding William Worthington Fowler's. Still, as has been observed by Galbraith, Frederick Lewis Allen and a number of others, one of the results of the 1929 crash seems to have been to diminish the effect or at least the apparent effect that any individual or organized group may have on the market. The following quotations are from *Barron's* over a period of less than two months. In them there is a striking progression from faith to disillusion in the efficacy of certain private efforts to stop the market's decline.

> July 7, 1930—"The abundance of Wall Street credit offers a constant temptation to big interests to attempt a sunshine movement in the stock market to counteract the wave of pessimism."
>
> July 21—"Last week was the third consecutive week of advancing prices. The courageous operations for the rise inaugurated the week before the so-called Meehan group . . . gradually restored confidence."
>
> July 28—"The campaign for higher prices is still under way. Last week saw the publication of advertisements . . ."
>
> August 4—"The 'personally conducted' bull tour struck another obstacle last week."
>
> August 11—"The big campaign of two important houses to enlist public participation in advance of an autumn rise was a complete fiasco."
>
> August 18—"All the broken bulls became the brilliant bears."

The market may be unmanageable; it may be subject to neither a whip nor a burnt offering; but it is, or at least it is piously hoped to be, predictable. So the prediction business remains a fat one, and it seems to stay fat no matter how bad predictions in any given season are. This does not mean though that the predictors are less impressed by the market's curious capacity to settle its own destiny than are the mere recorders of its actions. No, the predictors—particularly those who prophesy what the whole Board is up to—are a pious and humble lot. They treat the beast gently, are careful not to offend him, not to make arrogant remarks about what He will do.

Their submissiveness is evident in most of their prophetic writings, of which perhaps the most characteristic quality is the insistent unsaying of whatever has been said. Nowhere in the world is there to be found such a group of judicious balancers of figures, forces and phrases. At first this seems a strange one for them. After all they are writers of opinion, prophets of the future; and in other fields where opinions and prophecies thrive—in politics, for example, and in journalism—one of the basic rules is that any man expressing himself on any matter about which there is any room for doubt should express himself as if he had never had a doubt in his life. Be forceful, the handbooks say. Speak as if you know what you are talking about, especially when you don't. But the prophets of Wall Street don't apparently read these handbooks, and we should perhaps be grateful. I estimate (and my only basis is casual observation) that for every prophet who will say, with certain gentlemen from Babson Park, that Canadian Oil is "champing at the bit, displaying all the eagerness for a bull market of horses at the starting post"—for every such prophet there are 10 ostensibly scholarly prophets who will mutter something like this:

> Despite a marked advance in most [Canadian Oil] stocks since the first of the year, the group continues to have merit on a selective basis.
>
> —*Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane*

There's an obvious reason for avoiding the Babson kind of statement—suppose Canadian Oil goes the other way. In that event Merrill Lynch can point to the word "selective" and even to the lukewarm phrase "continues

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to have merit," while the Babson people can't. But this reason is not a vital one—most of the prophets are thoroughly adjusted to the consequences of giving bum steers. More important to them than mere rightness of opinion is correctness of manner. A certain hearty jazziness is permissible at the outset of an Investment Survey, but when the door is closed and the doctor draws up his chair to make his examination and diagnosis, then the air must get heavy and the sentences must get balanced. For in a profession where the state of the patient's health can never be precisely determined the professional man is mostly professional because he looks that way. Palmists and crystal gazers know this; so do the purveyors of old-time patent medicines—and perhaps the professionals of Wall Street should be compared with them rather than with our doctors. Or compared to Willie Loman. Willie Loman, remember, was way out in the blue riding on a smile and a shoe shine. The Wall Street prophets are always way out too, but they have to wipe the smile off when they get to their pitch; and in addition to the shoe shine they have to have a ceremonious and muggy style which will, under the shadow of the Big Board, pass for wisdom.

I have just two texts to illustrate this style: a *Security and Industrial Survey* by Merrill Lynch for August, 1957, and the *Bache Review* for about the same period. I should of course have others, for these two are clearly sheets for the masses, not for the boys on the inside. But as I am not on the inside myself I have to take what I get—and anyway the manner I am referring to is probably most pronounced when the professionals are cavorting before the masses. Let me begin appropriately at the beginning of these two publications.

> At this point, when the stock market averages are knocking at the door of their old highs, the investor might well ask himself, "Are things really this good?" The answer would probably have to be a qualified yes —qualified because things are not uniformly nor universally good.
>
> —*Merrill Lynch*

> The start of the second half and the surge of stock prices toward record levels makes this a particularly appropriate time to pause and attempt to read the business barometers' forecast for the months ahead. The readings, at the moment, would seem to indicate bright skies for some industries, storms for others and reasonably fair weather for the economy as a whole.
>
> —*Bache*

Here is the preliminary light touch. I see the writer at his desk, clever, assured, confident of his capacity to sell anybody anything. He runs off a few *bon mots* and then gets down to business.

> The accepted measures of the nation's financial health are mostly at or close to the highest levels ever reached . . . but there are soft spots. Some industries and some companies have been feeling the pinch of . . .
>
> —*Merrill Lynch*

> . . . an analysis of business in the first half of 1957 reveals strikingly mixed trends.
>
> —*Bache*

Then a few figures are brought in to demonstrate our economy's confusion.

> Office equipment shares rose 37.5 percent; ethical drugs were up 31.1 percent . . . at the other end of the scale cement stocks were down 5.4 percent, copper off 8.9 percent.
>
> —*Merrill Lynch*

> Over-all, first quarter net was at a rate of $23 billion annually after taxes, up from the $21.6 billion level of first quarter 1956 but a shade under the $23.1 billion rate of fourth quarter 1956.
>
> —*Bache*

A few more run-of-the-mill contrasts are provided (the kind you can find almost any season anywhere) and then the general discussion comes to a close with these words:

> All things considered, we would suggest that the investor proceed with caution at this point.
>
> —*Merrill Lynch*

> While inflation will continue to be one of the prime factors in determining security prices over the longer term, the present level of the market makes discrimination in choosing stocks more important than ever.
>
> —*Bache*

Now this pattern for a general discussion of market conditions seems to be conventional, and I should in fairness point out that it is one of the least harmful of Wall Street conventions. Nobody, reading such pieces, is prepared either to move or not to move "investment-wise"; he is merely prepared to turn—cautiously and/or with discrimination—to the figures which usually begin in quantity on the next page. Still, the convention would not, I think, be what it is if these writers really thought that they had the market by the tail. No, the language as well as the matter is ritualistic, a necessary part of the ceremony of placing a bet, but unconnected with the bet itself. The bet itself as a matter of fact is played down; for when the investor turns to the next page, hoping to get to the problem of the bet itself, he finds his prophet or tipster wriggling and squirming like the dickens to avoid specificity.

THERE are many forms of such squirming—and they are not subject here—but the Merrill Lynch method is sufficiently characteristic to stand for them all. First the stocks are divided into four kinds: *Investment Type; Liberal Income; Good Quality—Wider Price Movement;* and *Speculative* (sometimes the *Investment Type* is broken down into two types: *Growth* and *Stability*). Then the prospects for different stocks within these categories are complicated by the introduction of qualitative distinctions between various industries (autos,

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airlines, *etc.*), these distinctions being *Relatively Favorable, Average*, and *Relatively Unfavorable*. Finally the stocks are listed, by industry, and by how stable or liberal or speculative or growing they are. By such a procedure a tremendous number of possible favorites can be put down; in all, for example, Merrill Lynch "selects" well over four hundred common stocks, as well as some bonds and Canadian securities; Bache and Company "selects" one hundred and fifty. And by the mere listing of so many favorites the authors are incidentally made to look mighty profound. At the same time, by this procedure a "speculative" stock in a "relatively unfavorable" industry can be recommended with as much aplomb as an "investment type" in a "relatively favorable" industry. All this takes some doing.

It takes some doing just as it takes some doing for a crystal gazer to figure out a future that will fit anybody—and in both cases the results can be pretty terrible. This season they seem to be especially bad. I have been conducting a short study of the actual recommendations of Bache and Merrill Lynch in the surveys I have quoted from, and the results are as follows. I have taken as my basis a short list by Merrill Lynch of 44 "selected issues" (selected out of the 400 selected issues), and two short lists by Bache, one of 18 stocks recently *added* to the main (select) list, and one of 26 stocks recently *deleted* (I have omitted bonds, preferred stocks and over-the-counter stocks, so that the recommendations may properly be compared with the Dow-Jones averages. The omissions are few).

	July 18	*Sept. 13*	*Percentage Loss (July 18=100%)*
Dow-Jones (with 'factor' removed)*	56.4	51.0	9.4
Bache's 18 new stocks	54.1	49.0	9.4
Bache's 26 deleted stocks	44.6	39.8	10.8
Merrill Lynch's 44 selected issues	51.8	45.5	12.2

* For *my* averages I have added the proper day's closing prices for all the chosen stocks, then divided by the number of stocks involved. The Dow-Jones average for 65 representative stocks is more complicated, involving a "factor" which at the present time is 20.55. To make the comparisons as just as I know how to, I've eliminated this factor and divided the gross by 65. The basic Dow-Jones figures are 178.24 (July 18) and 164.48 (Sept. 13); if used they would show the representative stocks to have dropped only 7.8 percent instead of 9.4 percent. Of course the establishing of July 18 as 100 percent is arbitrary—but not, I think, misleading for the limited purposes of the chart.

I am, as I am sure my chart indicates, no statistician; I know mostly that figures are deceptive. Still I think that the chart is instructive if read with the most casual attention to the right-hand column. There, it will be noted, Merrill Lynch fared just a trifle worse over the eight-week period than did the Dow-Jones stocks, and Bache's newly selected stocks came out even with them. Now as I understand it the Dow-Jones stocks are chosen because they are representative of the market as a whole (in fact they're called "65 representative stocks"). But representation of the beast, I must insist, is precisely what our two brokerage firms are not selling. No, the words with them these days are "selectivity" and "discrimination." As Bache put it, "This, once again, underscores the vital element of discrimination in security purchases." Indeed the two firms pride themselves on their staffs of experts who are in an infinitely better position than the Average Investor (or the Dow-Jones averages) to tell a pig from a poke. Yet these experts did even worse than the averages did. Furthermore, Bache and Company went to the trouble to add 18 and delete 26 stocks from their master list, but in the eight-week period the additions and deletions fared nearly the same. Then too—to get over to Merrill Lynch and break down their 44 "selected issues"—their 11 "Investment Type: Growth" stocks declined 20.2 percent while their 15 "Good Quality: Wider Price Movement" stocks declined only 9.1 percent, and their 7 "Speculative" stocks declined only 10.1 percent. What price Growth, I say.

I realize that I have cited just one eight-week period, a period of what Bache has called "strikingly mixed trends." Furthermore I don't profess to be a prophet myself (though I might venture a bet, even money, on Dow-Jones for the next eight weeks). But I do think that the notable current failure of the prophets points up my point, to which I now return. The point is not why they call themselves prophets, or experts, or trained staffs—obviously it is profitable to do so; and obviously a lot of figures and rating systems, even when they come to nothing, are impressive. No, the point is that I cannot believe all this is mere show for the customers. A good deal of it must be for the trained staffs themselves, for whom a simple list of good and bad stocks unaccompanied by a respectable amount of mumbo-jumbo would be unsatisfying—as unsatisfying to them as to the yokels who can't tell a Bull from a Bear. Neither they nor the yokels would have faith in that list if all the "business" around it were eliminated; and if the "business" were eliminated perhaps that Nimrod, the market itself, would be offended.

Thus I think there is a sense in which the prophets are not simply buttering up their clients but are also buttering up the unacknowledged Presence in their midst, by trying to show Him that they're doing their very best to appreciate Him as the fine reasonable Invalid or Goat or Wave or simple Force that He is. And all the time they know—they must know—that they don't understand Him at all, that He is thoroughly unreasonable, and that, like Pepys and Antonio, their money is in His hands, not theirs.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Colette Through Her Husband's Eyes

by Hayden Carruth

ALTHOUGH Colette had begun to achieve a certain following in the United States during the thirties, her great increase of popularity came after the war when she was picked up by *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and offered to the American audience as an archetype of the modern woman. To this day, one feels, her chief admirers here are women, especially those whose admiration may be based, partly at least, on a fundamental misunderstanding of Colette, both as a person and as a writer.

Such misunderstanding itself is understandable. The fashion magazines chose cannily when they hit upon Colette to portray a heroic feminine role. Her durability under the sorrows of "emancipation," her sensitivity, her professionalism, the rumors of early lesbianism which attached to her, especially the attitudes toward sex which she disclosed in her novels, all these factors, and no doubt among others, combined to elevate Colette in the eyes of the American women whose own experiment in independence had already become a stale and unrewarding failure. Somehow Colette had managed to cling to the good old cause; in spite of its inherent pathos she had made it work.

Close to Colette, by Maurice Goudeket (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; $4).

Or so she seemed to say. In what are probably her two most starkly autobiographical novels, *The Vagabond* and *Julie de Carneilhan*, Colette develops strikingly parallel situations, although the novels were written 30 years apart. In each case the heroine, tempted by love, ends by rejecting it in the name of independence and the inviolate self. Renée, the vagabond in the earlier book, speaking in an imaginary dialogue with her lover, says:

"For I reject you and I choose . . . all that is not you. I have met you before, and I recognize you. Are you not he who, thinking he is giving, takes for himself? You came to share my life. To share, yes; *to take your share!* To be a partner in everything I do, to insinuate yourself at every moment in the secret temple of my thoughts, isn't that it?"

This is Renée's supreme moment, in her own eyes and obviously in Colette's as well, the moment of self-assertion. Julie, in the later novel, experiences a similar crisis:

> She felt at the top of her form . . . Once again she was deep in the atmosphere where women, the permanent objects of men's rivalry, bear all men's suspicions lightheartedly, listen to their insults, yield under varied assaults and hold their own against masculine presumption, and derive from it all a simple and lively pleasure.

In the end Julie returns to her childhood home, to live there alone with her brother.

Colette's two themes, the psychology of women and the nostalgia for childhood, thus join very neatly. In both of them an important element is the pleasure of rejection—rejection of love, rejection of the future. It would be easy to call this pleasure merely spiteful, yet that would be a mistake. Something like it is, in fact, the mistake which many American readers have made.

Now Maurice Goudeket, Colette's third husband, has written a book of personal reminiscence about the last 30 years of Colette's life, a tender and sometimes falsely sentimental tribute, which gives us another view of this remarkable woman. In the circumstances we forgive the falseness and exaggeration; anything less than forgiveness would be an insult. And we are grateful for a portrait of Colette which shows her, if not as she "really" was, at least in the main as she can be seen behind the pages of her novels if we look sharply enough.

Colette, an open-hearted provincial girl, hurt once and then again by early marriages, but still retaining throughout her life an enormous capacity for love and a certain "elegance of heart," this is the woman whom M. Goudeket shows to us. "The difficult thing is not to give but to refrain from giving everything," she once wrote, and then again, in a letter to a friend: "I have always taken immense trouble not to show emotion, and most of the time I have succeeded."

IT IS the "immense trouble" which M. Goudeket makes his main theme, not in any untoward sense, but as a development of his wife's complicated personality. "How full of tenderness she was," he writes, "and how she tried to resist it! Her grumpy tone, her surly air, her brusqueness and her humour were chiefly useful to her in helping her to not melt at every moment."

She remained a provincial to the end, her head full of extraordinary recipes and absurd proverbs. Whenever she ate pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, she held a gold coin in the palm of her left hand, as the people in her part of the country had always done. And her fondness for animals and flowers, for the gardens of the past, was more than simply an es-

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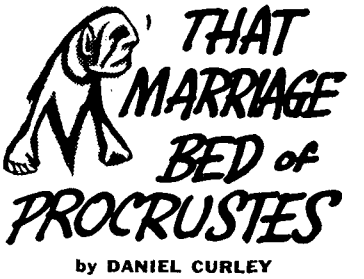

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cape or a rejection for her; it was a delightful, continuous excursion into an area where she could move freely and without anxiety, expressing herself in her own most intimate terms.

M. Goudeket relates an incident which occurred during the war. He and Colette were living in occupied Paris, expecting the Gestapo at any moment. When the German lieutenant finally knocked on their door and asked for Maurice Goudeket — when, in other words, the vision of the concentration camp for Jews must have been foremost in all their minds—Colette tapped her husband amiably on the shoulder and said only, "Off you go!" Such an act, one feels, is precisely what Colette's American readers will admire most; they will like its spice of impudence and imperiousness. But they will fail to see that in the circumstances—circumstances which haven't obtained in this country since the end of the Indian wars—this was an utterly courageous expression of love; and until the quality of feeling behind such acts, the passion which they represent, is recognized and judged intelligently, the full value of Colette's fiction will remain unknown to the reader.

Colette, unlike many of her contemporaries in the domain of European literature, is a person for whom we can feel not only admiration but a genuine affection, and we are indebted to Maurice Goudeket for his touching, unpretentious portrayal.

Forty Years of Communism

by Donald W. Treadgold

MR. SCHUMAN is one of those non-Communist writers, in the past sympathetic to the USSR, on whom Khrushchev's revelations have had great impact. In the interval since completing *Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad* (which covers the same ground, less the ensuing twelve years, as the new book) in 1945, the author has adopted a considerably more critical attitude toward the Soviet Union. What he now finds amiss there, however, he believes to be roughly balanced by the failings of the US, and so his current position is to call down a plague on both houses.

Russia Since 1917: Four Decades of Soviet Politics, by Frederick L. Schuman (Knopf; $6.50).

Like most historians, his beliefs guide him in the selection of evidence and the distribution of emphasis. Nevertheless he assembles a mass of data by no means all of which are equally congenial to his basic commitments; indeed many pages read like the encyclopedia yearbook to which he has regularly contributed articles on the USSR. The book is far from a dry chronicle, however. The author has a colorful style, and much of the work is brilliantly written, especially the two introductory chapters on the early history of Russia and Marxism.

His topic is the history of Soviet politics. That is to say, the book is chiefly a history of the Soviet Communist party, its leaders and their policies, from 1903 to 1957; it emphasizes foreign policy heavily, in particular Soviet-American relations. The epilogue, "A Time for Peace," compares Soviet and American "systems" and suggests what, in the author's view, bilateral negotiations might achieve.

Mr. Schuman devotes much space to US and Western policy toward the Soviets. There are several apt and justified comments. He reminds us that "peaceful coexistence" is a phrase which dates from the first years of Soviet rule, not this decade. Mercilessly, though perhaps therapeutically, he rubs our noses in the history of Western appeasement of Hitler (even though some readers may draw from it the conclusion that appeasing any totalitarian is unwise, which the author plainly does not intend). He correctly points out that the shibboleth of "unconditional surrender" diverted Allied leaders during World War II from the real issues. It was indeed as he says, "obvious to all well-informed observers—save the Western policy-makers" that Stalinist versions of the terms

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"democracy" and "free elections" would have "nothing in common with Anglo-American versions" of them. Finally, it is sadly true that in 1956 the US did no more to "liberate" Hungary than "pass resolutions and welcome fugitives" (not that Mr. Schuman wished us to try) and "was wholly incapable of compelling Moscow to abide by the rules of 'morality' which it sought to impose upon Tel Aviv, Paris, and London."

However, he proceeds firmly into the realm of half-truth and fantasy. It appears that "a large proportion of the propertied classes" of the West were pro-Fascist, and the author speaks of the "determination of the Western democracies that Fascism should conquer Spain," while Roosevelt kept hands off out of obedience to "Downing Street and the wishes of the Vatican." In reference to the Truman Doctrine of 1947, he declares that neither Greece nor Turkey was "in any visible danger of Soviet invasion or Communist subversion"; in reference to the Eisenhower Doctrine in the 1950's, the Soviets were said to be "in no way threatening" the Middle East and "had little interest in, or influence among its peoples or governments." As for the Hungarian Revolution, it was regarded in the West as a fight against tyranny, in the East as a Fascist revolt, while the "truth lay somewhere between."

OVER and over Schuman declares that what Westerners thought about this or that development was wrong. He asserts that the "myth" that Hitler invaded Poland as a result of the "green light" given by the Nazi-Soviet Pact is disposed of, but doesn't say why. He labels as "doubtful" the asumption of "most Americans" that Stalin ordered the attack on South Korea. Why? Because such Soviet control as existed over North Korea was shown by events in *China* to be "sometimes fictitious." (In 1956 the author reports that he tried to get into the Soviet Foreign Ministry—as he might have done at the US State Department—in order to find out what the Soviet role in Korea had been, as well as when Stalin learned of Hitler's decision to attack the USSR. He seems surprised at his failure to do so.) Americans were all wrong about China, because neither the US nor the USSR had "control over events" there. In fact, Stalin tried to *prevent* the Communization of China, for he could not "conceive of the possibility of 'proletarian revolution'" there (in fact, Mao followed Stalin's doctrines of revolutionary stages, citing them at every stage).

AT THE END, Mr. Schuman calls on both Soviet and American leaders to throw away their "stale superstitions and obsolete prejudices." Having long believed the "American dogma of anti-Communism" to be a nuisance, he now seems to believe Marxism-Leninism to be the same. His view of the Soviet regime remains, however, that although it has committed crimes, it has done good things; and he still takes a short view of the people under Soviet rule. "Sluggish and backward folk of the steppes," the Russians were always unwilling "to do what was imperative for their own good," and they need an autocrat to "beat and bludgeon" them into doing it. In the process, to be sure, they have their joys: the staged elections may lead them to recall "with nostalgia and gratitude the age-long search of the Slavs for unity"; the "exhilarating experiences" of learning how to read and write and how to handle machines overshadowed (for the survivors, at any rate) the sacrifices of the First Five-Year Plan—Mr. Schuman mentions that they were "horrible" but not that they involved at least 5 million (Stalin told Churchill 10 million, but perhaps he exaggerated) lives. As for the Eastern minorities, they needed all this even more than the Russians. Moreover, mankind in general may not prefer "political liberty and democracy to totalitarian methods of economic and social advance. . . . ", while all colored peoples are possessed by a "desperate passion to acquire steel mills" and the like. The rest of the world may be led to go Communist not only because the USSR now has an economy of "relative abundance" [sic] but also because it "may presently find ways . . . of arriving at a relatively free and democratic system of public policy-making."

Such arguments are reminiscent of a mixed bag of Fascist and America-Firster aphorisms: the Fascists have made the trains run on time; see how clean the streets are and how full the shops are; the Germans and Italians always needed someone to tell them what was good for them; after the necessarily painful period of weeding out enemies, life will be better for everybody (who is left); why should everyone be expected to like "Anglo-American democracy"; who are we to criticize, we have enough stupidity and wickedness in our own back yard. Perhaps that is not what Mr. Schuman meant to say. In fact, it cannot be; for he, like this reviewer and millions of others, did not think "anti-Fascism" was some nasty dogma, but rather an aspect of the free man's will to defend himself and his fellow man from forces which threaten not only his freedom but also his very humanity.

Even if Mr. Khrushchev and his fellows should discard some of their silly ideas ("when a shrimp whistles on a mountain-top," said old Nikita), there would remain the totalitarian institutional framework and power structure, supporting the drive for world conquest. Mr. Schuman now suggests that he is at least partly aware of that, but nevertheless expects the totalitarian state to wither away. Well, every man to his own stale superstition.

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Gilbert Highet's Cultural High Tea

by Harry T. Moore

THIS is the third in a series of books printing the texts of Gilbert Highet's cultural radio chats. Mr. Highet, a Columbia University professor of Latin and Greek, was once an Oxford don like Adolphus Cusins in *Major Barbara,* though he has far more skill than Dolly Cusins in peddling the Classics to the populace—at least he does it more successfully. Reading this latest volume, you can almost hear the urbane lightness of his voice, whose tone is varied now and then by the vocal raising of an eyebrow.

In an age and a country in which the Classics have withered on the TV antennae, Mr. Highet is something of a phenomenon. Genially learned and cleverly expressive, he provides eager introductions to the Classical world, as in his recent *Poets in a Landscape,* which evoked the lives and times of seven Roman authors and provided translated samples of their work. So far so good, and let's hope that at least a few of Mr. Highet's admirers will turn to the Classics he describes rather than stay with Mr. Highet all the way. Popularization has its points, though in Mr. Highet's case we can but wonder how so avid a reader (and elucidator) of Homer and Vergil can be one of the judges responsible for the low grade of fiction so often sponsored by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Perhaps a look at this latest book of his will lead to some clues.

Talents and Geniuses: The Pleasures of Appreciation, by Gilbert Highet (Oxford; $5).

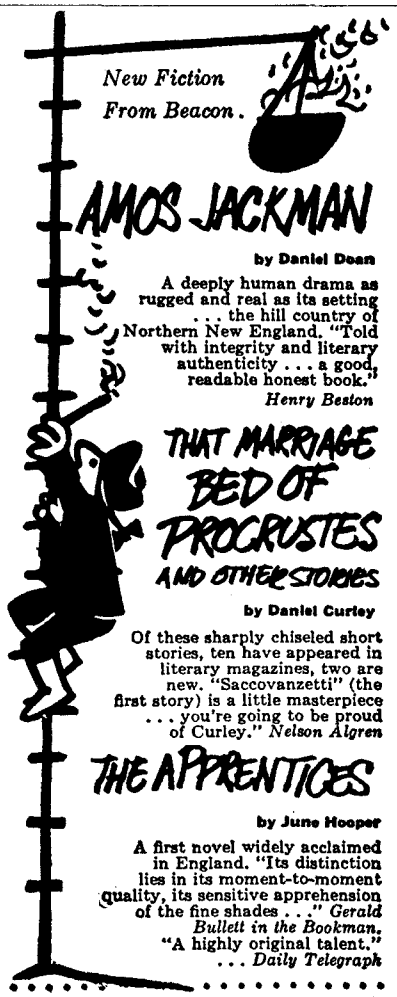
THESE radio chats are catchy enough, like their predecessors in *People, Places, and Things* and *A Clerk at Oxenford.* In the present volume only one chapter is devoted entirely to an ancient Classical subject: the discussion of Plato's accounts of a famous trial in which a Committee on Un-Athenian Activities (over whose proceedings Mr. Highet has split emotions) brought about the death sentence of that teacher with "dangerously exciting" ideas, Socrates. Most of the chapters deal with more recent figures, men as diverse as Bach and Brueghel, Jefferson and Charles Ives; and there are cheerful essays on birds and cats (separately of course), on words and names, and on Zen, as well as sketches of some of the odd-ball characters Mr. Highet occasionally likes to write about. In this book they include Huysmans, Aleister Crowley, and Baron Corvo. Mr. Highet's comments on the last of these seem like an echo of Herbert Marshall's hoity-toity comments on George Sanders' *Moon and Sixpence* escapades—the kind of fastidious disapproval which doesn't prevent a detailed investigation of such escapades and a lovingly acrid, if somewhat bowdlerized, report of them.

In the course of all this, Mr. Highet delivers the wisdom of the ages. "In order to be great, one must be humble," he tells his audience in summing up on Corvo: "In order to rise, one must step down"—and so on. But if Mr. Highet unleashes almost as many platitudes as did Alexander Woollcott, he is a good deal less lachrymose about it; though he is also stylistically flatter, less sharp in his phrasing (rereading Woollcott today, how one can still hear that *pecking* voice). Sometimes Mr. Highet's easy chatter gives the effect of wit without really being witty. Not that he doesn't try, as when in speaking of a noted French writer's closeness to cats, Mr. Highet ends his discussion by calling her "that fluffy old thing with nine lives, Madame Colette." The most thumping pratfall in the book occurs when Mr. Highet says the Dylan Thomases "fought like Cait and Dog."

SO, if you want that kind of cuteness, you know where to find it. And perhaps we can now get to the word *taste,* which Mr. Highet sometimes uses; for example when he draws upon statistics to show how the success of Mickey Spillane's "repulsive" novels is a gauge of the low taste of our time. But Mr. Highet, who announces that he finds George Eliot a "distinguished bore" and most of Henry James unreadable, also says that although *Gone With the Wind* is "not sensitively written," it is nevertheless "a good novel." Well, *de gustibus* and all that.

Notes on Contributors

HAYDEN CARRUTH, a former editor of *Poetry* magazine, received the Vachel Lindsay prize last season. DONALD TREADGOLD is on the faculty of the University of Washington and the author of *The Great Siberian Migration.* HARRY MOORE is preparing an anthology of D. H. Lawrence's letters. PHILIP ROTH is on the English faculty of the University of Chicago.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Styles and Manners

MORE REWARDING than the American works I mentioned last time (*NR*, September 2) are parts of the two movements—Variations and Waltz-Gavotte—from Irving Fine's Music for Piano, on Composers Recordings 106. Fine states an unusual and attractive theme, and follows this with effective figuration in the first variation; but the remaining variations are obscure and unattractive. The figuration in the satirical Waltz also is good; the Gavotte I care less for. Fine can, then, write effectively for the piano; but in the song-cycle *Mutability* he is unable to write attractive melody for the voice. On the reverse side is Henry Brant's *Angels and Devils,* a concerto which I find uninteresting.

An infrequently heard work of the modern standard repertory, Prokofiev's *Scythian Suite,* one of his superb early pieces in which one hears extraordinary powers exercised with youthful freshness and exuberance, is on Angel 35361, performed brilliantly by Markevitch with the National Orchestra of the French Radio. Unfortunately the reverse side has Shostakovitch's First Symphony.

Another infrequently heard work, Mahler's Symphony No. 4, the most genial and attractive of his symphonies, in which it is fascinating to follow the moment-to-moment working of his highly individual mind, is on Epic LC-3304. Bruno Walter's performances of Mahler have been considered definitive, and are certainly among Walter's best achievements; but Van Otterloo's performance of this symphony with the Hague Philharmonic on the Epic record has a cohesive tension which makes one aware of Walter's slackness. Teresa Stich-Randall is the lovely-sounding soloist in the finale.

London LL-1606 offers one of the less frequently heard symphonies of Dvorak, the Second, which is interesting not only in the way its first two movements show the influence of Brahms, but in the way they show Dvorak's own spontaneously melodious style withstanding that influence and producing what is after all characteristic and beautiful writing by Dvorak. The third movement also is engaging; the finale I find less interesting. Kubelik conducts the Vienna Philharmonic in an excellent performance.

Arthur Grumiaux's distinguished musical taste—in addition to his first-class equipment of technique and tone—makes him the violinist I find most satisfying to listen to nowadays. And it makes his playing of such familiar matters as Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto and the Bruch G minor with the Vienna Symphony under Lescovich, on Epic LC-365, fresh and enjoyable experiences.

ANGEL 35344 has Mozart's Violin Concerto K.216, which is played less frequently than K.218 and 219 for reasons that have nothing to do with the quality of its delightfully high-spirited first movement or of its long flow of sustained melody in the slow movement that leaves one spellbound. It is played with beautiful tone and straightforward phrasing by the Russian violinist Leonid Kogan with the London Philharmonia under Ackerman; but I must mention the even finer performance of thirteen-year-old Gerard Poulet on Remington 199-131. Kogan also plays Prokofiev's Concerto No. 2, a work I don't care for.

Capitol P-9375 gives us the best recent performance of one of the greatest of Bach's instrumental works, the Concerto in D minor for harpischord. Sylvia Marlowe plays a delicate- and beautiful-sounding harpischord which skillful recording allows to be heard clearly in the equally clear context of the Concert Arts Chamber Orchestra's playing. The reverse side has a spirited performance of Haydn's charming Concerto in D.

Bach's Concerto in A minor for four harpischords, his transcription of Vivaldi's lovely work in B minor for four violins, is played well by Karl Richter, Eduard Mueller, Gerhard Aeschbacher and Heinrich Gurtner with the Ensemble of the Ansbach Bach Festival on London LL-1446. Bach's own Concerto in C for three harpischords, on the reverse side, I find uninteresting.

Victor has been issuing the recordings that Toscanini made in 1929 and 1936 with the New York Philharmonic. Several offer interesting examples of the somewhat slower, more relaxed and more expansive Toscanini performances of that period, as against the swifter, simpler, tauter performances of the late years—the difference being especially marked in the 1929 Mozart *Haffner* Symphony on Camden 326 and the 1936 Rossini *Semiramide* Overture on 309 (on the other hand 309 has the strikingly faster 1929 Dukas *Sorcerer's Apprentice*). And in varying degree they document the marvels of orchestral performance he achieved only with that orchestra. An unusually good dubbing produces a close approximation of those marvels in the *Semiramide* Overture — e.g. the subtleties of attack, inflection and coloring of the horns in the introduction; the energy of the violins in the soft opening statements of the Allegro; the sensitized response of the full orchestra throughout. And the dazzling virtuosity in sections of the 1936 Brahms-Haydn Variations is evident even before the losses in the dubbed sound are restored in part by additions of bass and treble. On the other hand the blowzy sound of the great 1936 Beethoven Seventh on Camden 352 with high-fidelity equipment can be made clearer and cleaner by reduction of treble.

B. H. HAGGIN

"Work of a Master" — Barzun

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MOVIES

Photography Does Not a Movie Make

OUTSIDE the movie a girl walked by. I looked at her, she smiled and we went across the street to the bar and sat down.

"Pernod," she said to the waiter. She did not look like a *poule* to me. She had good teeth and a gliding way about her that made me think of Willie Pep.

"You saw the movie*?" she asked. The waiter brought her a bottle of Bud. She did not make a fuss and I liked her for it.

"Yes," I said.

"Was it good?"

A good movie for me is a movie you feel good after and a bad movie a movie you feel bad after.

"It was a disappointing movie." I didn't like to say it so I reached out and touched her shoulder. "I'm sorry," I said.

"Are you sure? In *Time* they said it was a good movie. They said it was a very good movie."

She was the first street-walker I'd ever met who read *Time*. I told her this and she said there were others.

"We read it for the *People* section," she said. "It's what we have instead of God."

"*Time* was wrong," I said. "They thought because it was serious it was good. They get confused about that. The movie is disappointing."

"Why?" she said, "The photography, it is not gratifying?"

"It is gratifying," I said, "But photography does not a movie make." I remembered some poetry from college.

"Then tell me why?" she said.

"The picture talks a lot, and that is not so hot. That kind of dialogue on the screen winds up in long pregnant silences followed by dime-store philosophy followed by long pregnant silences. Until they get to Spain it is a bad conversation piece. It is very slow until Spain."

"And in Spain?"

"It was very fast."

"That is bad?"

"It is very exciting. The festival of the bulls is fast and colorful and good. And there was some acting to admire. Errol Flynn is funny and good, though he appears to be gaining weight. And Eddie Albert, though he has only a little to do, is good too. They play Mike Campbell and Billy Gorton. And the bull-fighter, Romero, he convinced me."

"In *Time* they say that the man who plays the matador used to own a garment factory."

"That is important to know," I said.

"And what of Tyrone Power and Ava?"

"He is not so bad. When anyone mentions Brett's name his brow furrows and a light bulb flashes on over his head, but aside from that he is not too bad. Ava is not too good. Sometimes she resembles The Snow Queen and other times Ann Rutherford in *Andy Hardy*. Lady Brett is a nice person to think about, but to see her is something else. Maybe some people cannot be shown on the screen."

"And these people, they are *lost?*" She was a very interested *poule* but not earnest.

"They say they are. But they do not seem lost to me. They all have nice clothes and money. And they do not seem upset about America. They don't seem to be expatriates. I thought it had all been a little seedier."

"But Jake has this wound—" the *poule* began.

"That's tough all right," I said, "but not seedy."

She took it for a pun. "You are a hard man."

"What the hell," I said, "what the hell."

We looked at each other's eyes for a while; it turned out there was not much to say about this movie.

Finally I said, "It does say some things about sex."

The *poule* swayed in her chair. "Sex?"

"Yes, all those bulls and horns, and Jake's wound, and Brett. And the boy-faced girl-faced bullfighter. You know," I said.

"Yes."

I knew she knew.

"That sex is good?" she said.

"No," I said, "that it is with us."

"It is," she said.

I WAITED until she'd finished her third bottle of Bud before I told her about the end of the picture; I wanted to make it easy for her.

"At the end they go away together, Brett and Jake. They are riding in a cab and she says, 'Jake, there must be a way for us,' and after a minute Jake says, 'There is, somewhere'."

"What is it?" the *poule* demanded, spilling beer on to her middy front. She was turning into a sloppy *poule*.

"It's not sex," I said. "It's something else."

For all the beer, she moved in on me like a good welterweight. "What?"

I answered, "The sun also rises, and the sun goes down . . . "

We left it at that.

Finally she looked up. "I hear they are filming *A Farewell to Arms*," she said.

"I know."

"It will have Rock Hudson," she looked up hopefully; it was a drunk's kind of hope. "Maybe it will be better?"

Someone came into the bar and from across the street I could hear silver clinking on the box office window.

"Yes," I said, "isn't it pretty to think so."

PHILIP ROTH

* *The Sun Also Rises* (20th Century-Fox).

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

Griffith: American Film Master, Lewis Jacobs in *The Rise of the American Film*, and Joseph and Harry Feldman in *Dynamics of the Film* have all acknowledged his distinctive genius. Such directors as the late Eric von Stroheim, René Clair, King Vidor, and Alfred Hitchcock—to name only a few—have avowed the influence of Griffith upon their work.

If, therefore, Miss Winn finds that one of Griffith's most celebrated films is mere "trash," as she says, then her opinion is at variance with almost all existing film criticism. It then surely becomes incumbent upon her to explain why everybody else is wrong.

Of course, if Miss Winn simply means that she does not like the ideology of *The Birth of a Nation*, this is hardly news at this late date. The film was made in 1914.

I would suggest, however, that she show a little charity in her judgments. After all, Griffith was the son of a Confederate general, and he made the kind of a film that one would expect from an artist with such a background.

HAL KAUFMAN

New York City

. . . Miss Winn replies

MR. KAUFMAN is a "student of motion pictures" and I am not. How can we agree?

The question is this: Ought the man who did it first, just because he did it first, be judged by other (and more lenient) standards than those applied to the man who came later and did it better? In other words, is Deloney a greater novelist than James, or the obscure genius, who first used canvas to paint on, a greater artist than Rembrandt? This is what the motion picture students are asking us, with their "leading authorities everywhere," to believe: that because Griffith's films were a great technical advance and a great influence on the industry, they are also great art.

And this just isn't so. Whatever it looked like in 1914, today *Birth of a Nation* looks silly. On seeing the film, I became very much aware of the disparity between what I, like Mr. Kaufman, had heard about Griffith's "artistry," and what I was actually seeing. Charity, frankly, didn't occur to me; as Mr. Kaufman makes clear, charity is hardly what Griffith is in need of.

JANET WINN

Washington, D. C.

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

► *The Single Tax*

SIRS:

IN HIS REVIEW of *The Lunatic Fringe* (*NR*, August 12) Adlai E. Stevenson wrote:

> What was radicalism when Henry George proposed it in 1877 reemerged (with the over-emphasized "single tax" feature expurgated) as brilliant statesmanship during the 100 days of Franklin D. Roosevelt, that by 1952 both major political parties had adopted most of the discredited Populist platform of 1892, that Coin Harvey's aberration was largely that he was 40 years ahead of John Maynard Keynes in analyzing the economy of abundance. . . .

It is true that the New Dealers "expurgated" the traditional American direct, annual ad-valorem land tax (known as "single tax") and encouraged state and local governments to resort to taxation of wages and other earned income, and also to use sales and license taxes, all of which force up the cost of production and living. It is also true that the Republicans allow all landholders, as such, federal tax exemption, which stimulates the hoarding of valuable mineral, urban and other land, waiting for a speculative profit.

The federal, state and local tax burdens being imposed on labor and capital, must keep pushing up the costs of production, distribution and of living, regardless of any attempt to control money or interest rates. There is one, and only one effective way to protect the so-called middle class which has fixed income, or insurance annuities or pensions. It is by a skillful use of the tax power consistently with the first ten and the 14th Amendments.

The US dollar is shrinking fast in buying power. How to save it from the fate of money in most nations, since World War I is no trifling affair to entrust to any lunatic. The books of George are even more timely today, than ever.

J. RUPERT MASON

San Francisco, California

► *Who Wrote What?*

SIRS:

ARE we to suppose that Robert Graves (*NR*, Sept. 9) would stoop to pull the American leg, or that that horrid imp Typographical Error has been at work again?

For how otherwise could the same catch line appear in two Great poems by two Great poets, namely, Robert Frost and John Crowe Ransom?

I mean:

> And naked to the spleen of the cold skies eruptive. . . .

RODNEY L. BRINK

San Diego, California

Graves pulls no legs. The line belongs in Ransom's poem, not in Frost's—Ed.

► *Checkmate*

SIRS:

IN your September 23 issue you publish a poem called "Checkmate"; at least I suppose it is a poem, because it is printed that way. I have read it three times—or rather, I have started, as I have done with hundreds of other things printed like poems in these wonderful modern days. What is "the flesh of a tear," and what is "the marrow of a sigh," and how do you "crack sinews"? For me, the words might as well have been shaken out of a pepperpot.

I propose a test. Invite Thomas Fitzsimmons, the author of this poem, to tell you in a hundred words of prose what it means to say—or, if that is too much to ask, the slightest idea of what it means; and also invite the member of your staff who accepted the poem to do the same; and promise in advance to publish both statements unaltered. I believe you would get the biggest laugh in the forty-three years—is that it?—in the magazine's history.

I have been a subscriber all those years; so I ought to have some rights.

UPTON SINCLAIR

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Teachers

RECENTLY, WE ASKED the distinguished correspondent, Joseph C. Harsch, why he was again reading *The New Republic*. "Because," he said, "it is breaking new ground." Perhaps that is also why this Journal of Opinion is more and more used for supplementary reading in colleges and schools. Since 1914, the editors of *The New Republic* and its contributors—John Dewey, John Maynard Keynes, Charles A. Beard, Walter Lippmann (or today, Louis J. Halle, Arthur Bestor, Hans J. Morgenthau, Robert Graves, Malcolm Cowley)—have been among those who have helped throw open the academic gates to intelligent discussion of the urgent controversies of our age. The *NR* is not a "news" magazine, though its comment is topical. It does more than report. It encourages the reader to explore further, to ask what events *mean*, and to use what we know to advance the high purposes of our democratic society. And because it does that, educators such as Professor Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., say that *The New Republic* is the *one* magazine they "could not do without."

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